

"CHILDREN OF GOD"
SEASON 1, EPISODE 1
"THE BACK TO CATHOLIC SCHOOL DANCE"

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BEGIN TEASER

Clips from a standard late 90's American Catholic mass. Indifferent teens mumbling hymns. Ultra Pious Moms holding Rosaries as they recite Hail Mary's. Old dudes in robes under a giant crucifix hosting a spectrum of attention as they sing and hold up bread and wine. Lots of standing and wild ADHD kids trying to dance as their agitated parents try to restrain them. A juvenile voice sounds of over the imagery.

KROOS (O.S)

Dude Oakley, we're gonna run JCS
dude. We'll be the coolest f-in
kids.

Christmas Catholics confidently chant "Christ Has Died, Christ Has Risen, Christ will come again" as a curious and concerned boy gazes in confusion and contemplation.

KROOS (O.S)

Everybody's gonna wanna be us in
the room right here.

A old man in a purple robe lights a long white candle.

INT. DAVIS'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

A small flame from a purple Baltimore Ravens lighter ignites a pipe full of ash and a a little green. LOUD COUGHS. The smoke goes out of the open screen door. A preternaturally good-looking, witty and nearly bearding boy (13) plays back at Kroos. He is DAVE OAKLEY.

DAVE

No doubt, Kroos. When we walk the
halls, we'll melt faces.

A party of five early teens, all good looking, all decked out in Abercrombie and or Polo chillax.

DAVE

When we do go to class, kids'll be
begging to take our notes. When we
go out on the weekends people will
literally pay us to crash their
parties.

KROOS

I mean, I'm not sure about all
that, but we'll still be the shit.

(CONTINUED)

DAVE

Just be grateful you got into a college prep school, Arnie.

KROOS

I got B's and C's at SMS!

From a Laz-E-boy, a boy (14) with shaggy, blond lacrosse hair a backwards Duke hat chimes in. He is STEVE HULLMAN.

HULLMAN

And that clearly had nothing to do with your mom doing all of your homework and essays while making you BLTs. Too bad she couldn't sit with you in Spanish.

A very petite but athletic young teen with Mediterranean features--olive skin, ample dark hair (14) continues the burn. He is NICK VAN TORN.

NICK

Tranquilo, Kroos: your entrance exam scores were even higher than Davis.

RYAN KROOS--tall, photogenic, incredibly self-conscious (14) becomes agitated.

KROOS

You know, you guys give me shit about this all the freaking time and it's been old for years now and honestly you're really just a bunch of faggots so shut up. I don't test well.

HULLMAN

Bottom one percentile, with unlimited time?

NICK

You sure about that?

HULLMAN

(laughing)

Did your *DAD* help you study!?!?

A chodey kid with dyed blond hair and red eyes joins the group and the burn. He is SHANE DAVIS.

(CONTINUED)

DAVIS

Kid can't even read.

An Italian beauty with sunbaked olive skin, a warm, amicable smile and a well-developed physique that would make some shocked to hear she was barely fourteen, defends Kroos. She is MARIA AMORE.

MARIA

Awww, you guys, be nice to Kroos.
He's really sensitive.

Maria starts to massage Kroos's chest.

KROOS

I'm not *that* sensitive.

Maria releases, Kroos puts her hand back on his chest.

DAVIS

Blow me. Oh wait, you apparently stopped slumming *after* the seventh grade.

MARIA

I sure have Johnathan. Starting next Tuesday, we'll all be high schoolers.

HULLMAN

Really?

DAVIS

And?

MARIA

And none of the girls are gonna want a piece of a cocky little chode who thinks he's hot shit cuz he gels his hair, smokes weed and warms the bench for the JV football team.

DAVIS

Yeah maybe if your jungle fever becomes an epidemic.

Maria takes an awkward pause then just starts smiling.

KROOS

I bet you I get the most ass this year out of any us. I'll throw down ten bucks right now.

(CONTINUED)

Kroos takes a wrinkly ten out of his wallet and throws it on a table with some sodas, donuts and chips.

DAVIS

Pretty tall order for somebody who hasn't even got his fingers wet.

NICK, DAVE, HULLMAN

Oooohhh!

KROOS

You just wait bud. By the end of the year, my fingers'll be so wet that uh...that uh

Kroos scans the room and spots a towel in a corner by the bench press.

KROOS

A towel, that I'll need a towel to dry them.

DAVIS

By the end of the year, you'll be three peating the first grade. 100 bones says you won't touch second, Forrest.

OAKLEY

Lemme get in for twenty.

Oakley tosses a fresh Jackson on the table.

HULLMAN

It's a lock, I'll do five.

Hullman starts to pull out ones and some quarters.

NICK

My dad was on the board at Merry-Go-Round, then it crashed and he abandoned us. So yeah, can I bet nug and broken dreams?

DAVIS

Uh-huh.

Kroos stalls, looks in his wallet, there's about sixty bucks within but he looks very hesitant to match the pot.

KROOS

You guys are gonna owe me a lot of money.

(CONTINUED)

Kroos pockets his wallet.

END TEASER.

TITLE:

Children of God

BEGIN ACT I.

INT. CICERO HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

A short, thin boy (14) with a crustache; distinct, contagious smile; gelled black hair, and tan, olive skin eats a bowl of Golden Grahams. He is TOMMY CICERO.

Tommy wears a short sleeved white dress shirt with a tie, khakis, and dress shoes. Both of his parents are dressed for work in similar formality as they eat breakfast. Tommy's mother is very down to earth, hilarious, empathetic and beautiful. She is TERESA CICERO.

MRS. CICERO

Thomas, you probably remember us telling you this since you were in high chairs and diapers, but your father and I wanted to tell you how happy we are to call you our son.

TOMMY

How come?

MRS. CICERO

How come? Maybe it's because you've always been so bright, conscientious, kind, honest, funny and we both love you more than words.

Tommy's father chimes in. He's perpetually in top notch shape, super Italian, unintentionally hilarious and refuses to acknowledge the concept of a "Plan B". He is CARLO CICERO.

MR. CICERO

Because I don't know, maybe because you got a scholarship to the best school in the county and you've always made us proud?

(CONTINUED)

TOMMY

It was a partial scholarship and you're still paying a lot of money for me to go there.

MR. CICERO

Chump change compared to full tuition.

TOMMY

Six grand ain't exactly chump change, dad.

MR. CICERO

Forget about it. Your mother and I both work.

MRS. CICERO

And you're worth it. Right Carlo?

MR. CICERO

Absolutely. We don't mind investing in your education. You've always been a fantastic student.

TOMMY

I know but it's just too bad getting straight A's doesn't always translate into getting straight "A" friends.

MRS. CICERO

Well you have a wonderful opportunity to make a lot of new, true friends at John Connell.

Tom looks skeptical as he finishes off his Golden Grahams.

MRS. CICERO

You're on the soccer team with your old friend Dave, you're gonna meet a lot of nice people from all over the area and Mrs. Becky said Steve told her that all the girls on orientation thought you were cute.

TOMMY

No they didn't.

MRS. CICERO

Tom, stop. A little self-confidence goes a long way. You are a very handsome guy and why would Steve

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MRS. CICERO (cont'd)
lie to his mother about something
like that?

TOMMY
I don't know, but I'm gonna be on
crutches the first two weeks.

MR. CICERO
So?

MRS. CICERO
That'll get you sympathy points.

MR. CICERO
Ask a pretty girl if she wants to
carry your books, you guys talk a
little bit, maybe ask her to a
dance.

TOMMY
Why would a pretty girl wanna talk
to *me*?

MRS. CICERO
Thomas, please stop talking like
that. You're a great kid, with so
much to offer and a lot of girls
would feel lucky to have you in
their lives. You just need to wake
up and see it for yourself.

EXT. CHURCHVILLE ROAD - MORNING

MUSIC QUEUE: "Ants Marching" by the Dave Matthews Band.

A line of new cars, mostly Jeeps and Luxury cars wait to
entry an entrance way. A big sign rests in a garden by the
entrance of the bucolic, seventy eight acre campus that
reads, JOHN CONNELL SCHOOL.

EXT. JCS - MORNING

Students, aged in ranges from thirteen to eighteen, make
their way into the aging school, built in the early 60's and
barely renovated since.

INT. JCS - MORNING

FOYER

(CONTINUED)

HUGE CRUCIFIX inside the main entrance, also known as the foyer. A few teachers hold coffees and direct some confused, nervous freshmen. Veteran upperclassman stroll through with swagger. Barely anyone pays attention to the crucifix.

2ND FLOOR HALLWAY

Students scatter the halls. Some hold cards with their locker combos which they begin to enter. Others recognize some familiar faces and exchange high fives and hugs. Tommy uses the key around his neck to board the elevator.

1ST FLOOR HALLWAY

Tommy crutches into his homeroom and looks across the room to his homeroom teacher who's reading the "SPORTS" section of the Baltimore Sun.

MR. FORD'S ROOM

A veteran teacher with dark grey hair exchanges a friendly smile with Tommy. He is AL FORD.

A thirteen year old girl, blond, petite, cute but easily mistaken for a sixth grader holds up a little card and approaches Mr. Ford. She is SAMANTHA CARPOVICH.

SAM

Are you Mr. Ford?

MR. FORD

Depends on who's asking. You're not the Internal Revenue Service are you?

SAM

Um no, I'm Samantha Carpovich.

Mr. Ford fumbles through his homeroom assignment notes. Tommy takes an extended look at Sam.

MR. FORD

Here's your locker assignment Samantha, with your code. Don't share it with anyone and please do not penny it if you wish to secure your stuff.

Sam looks over at Tommy and he pretends be searching for an answer to a question on the board.

INT. JCS - 1ST FLOOR - LOCKERS - MORNING

Kroos has the lock on his locker jammed upward. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out ten spots and quarters.

KROOS

Got all these big bills.

Kroos glances over a relatively fit, but pale and acne faced classmate. He is JEFF ZERKOWSKI.

KROOS

Hey guy, you got a penny?

ZERKOWSKI

I reckon.

Zerkowski reaches into his pocket and tosses a penny to Kroos. Kroos puts the penny under the lock and successfully "pennies" his locker.

KROOS

Thanks, I'll pay you back tomorrow.

ZERKOWSKI

Don't sweat it. My dad may only be a colonel in the United States Army but we manage.

KROOS

Uh, you in this homeroom?

ZERKOWSKI

Affirmative.

KROOS

You've heard of me right? Like, people in your middle school probably talked about this kid Ryan Kroos who was like cool as shit and really good at basketball and stuff, right?

ZERKOWSKI

I was home schooled so no, that actually never happened.

KROOS

Well if you played sports in Harford County or were cool at like Bel Air, Southampton, Fallston, or Harford Day you'd know who Ryan Kroos was.

(CONTINUED)

ZERKOWSKI

Ryan Kroos? Nope, I got nothin'.

KROOS

Seriously dude?

ZERKOWSKI

I'm as positive as the set of numbers greater than zero and less than infinity that I had never previously heard your name till you just spoke it. Shocking, right?

KROOS

Yeah it actually kinda is.

ZERKOWSKI

Should call "Ripley's believe it or not."

KROOS

Wow home school. You're gonna have a tough time making friends and adjusting socially. You should probably transfer.

Kroos quickly walks away and lights up when he stops Oakley en route to his homeroom. Zerkowski gives him a hard stare.

KROOS

Yooooo!! Oaaakleeeey!!

INT. JCS - MR. FORD'S ROOM - MORNING

A very sweet, chirpy voice so enthusiastic it doesn't seem authentic echoes over the outdated speaker system.

MRS. MCFAUL (O.S)

Good morning friends and welcome to the Jubilee Year in American Catholic Schools nationwide.

A nearly full-blooded Native American boy makes a sarcastic roll of the eyes. He is CHRIS CHICKADEE.

MRS. MCFAUL (O.S)

To you upperclassmen, welcome to what's sure to be yet another bright blessed year at the John Connell School.

MRS. CLERICH'S ROOM

(CONTINUED)

One student sits around looking especially apprehensive. She's pale, slightly overweight with a crucifix perpetually round her neck. She is HOLLY HEART.

MRS. MCFAUL (O.S)
To you nervous freshmen, welcome to
the fam!

Holly instantly brightens up.

MAIN OFFICE

A pale and wan middle aged Irish Catholic (45) who attends Church and drinks Jameson daily speaks over the Intercom. She is PEGGY MCFAUL.

MRS. MCFAUL
These next four years are sure to
be some of the greatest of your
life and trust me, we'll be crying
even harder when you cross the
stage in 2003.

MR. HANLEY'S ROOM

A classroom of seniors sit with minimal attention to the announcements. At the front is a very heavy set science teacher (52) who rolls his eyes and scoffs at Mrs. McFaul's bold prediction. He is JOHN HANLEY.

MRS. MCFAUL (O.S)
To our teachers, administrators,
and staff, thanks to the largest
freshmen class in school history,
we now have over eight hundred
students at JCS. Think, that's over
eight hundred lives we can shape
positively.

A tall, confident class clown, dressed sharply, calls out to his teacher. He is DERRICK PALMER.

PALMER
Thanks Hanley, you've made all the
difference.

Some classmates crack up, Mr. Hanley does not.

MR. HANLEY
Spare me.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. MCFAUL (O.S)
Let us pray.

MRS. PORTER'S ROOM

A short freshmen with frosted blond hair and big, blue bug eyes stands with some reverence, he was raised with Jesus Christ and not the Catholic Church at the core of his faith. He is ADAM BOUNVITA

MRS. MCFAUL (O.S)
Dear Lord, make me an instrument of
your peace.

In the back of the classroom, a very affluent looking and gorgeous blond stands next to her fraternal twin sister who's equally gorgeous but brunette and more serious. The blond is LEXY DE BOER. The brunette is RYLEIGH.

RYLEIGH
Where there is hatred.

LEXY
Let me sow love.

MR. FORD'S ROOM

Tommy stands up on his crutches.

TOMMY
Where there is injury, pardon.

MRS. CLERICH'S ROOM

A short, plump senior citizen stands on a cane and recites the prayer. She is RUTH CLERICH.

MRS. CLERICH
Where there is doubt

HOLLY
Faith.

MRS. AGNESI'S ROOM

Davis stands annoyed, lacking reverence, not reciting the prayer. He embodies the polar opposite demeanor of his quaint, country, "girl scouts honor roll" teacher. She is BEV AGNESI.

MRS. AGNESI
Where there is despair.

(CONTINUED)

A portly, Jack Black-looking kid with frosted blond hair and big, loosely fitting clothes stands with a smile. He is CHRISTIAN LANDSLER.

LANDSLER

Hope.

MRS. MCFAUL (O.S)

Where there is darkness.

Bev Agnesi signals Davis to start praying. Oakley recites the next line with a smile and a chuckle.

DAVE

Light.

DEAN TERRY'S ROOM

A tough, plump military cut man stands tall, genuflecting in prayer. He is DEAN TERRY. A pale, tall, thin throw back to the 1950's bows her head in reverence and prays faithfully. She is GERTRUDE AGNESI.

GRETA

Oh divine master. Grant that I may
not so much seek to be consoled.

DEAN TERRY

As to console.

MR. FORD'S ROOM

Chris Chickadee grows impatient.

MRS. MCFAUL (O.S)

To be understood.

TOMMY

As to understand.

MR. WADDUMS ROOM

A short, plump squirrely looking guy mumbles the prayer. He is LONNY SOFABOUY.

MRS. MCFAUL (O.S)

For it is in giving.

KROOS

That we receive.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. MCFAUL (O.S)
It is in pardoning.

Behind Kroos, a mildly rotund blond with beautiful blue eyes, prays with reverence. She is ELIZABETH GREY.

ELIZABETH
That we are pardoned.

FOYER

Christ hangs from a giant crucifix in front of the cafeteria. Mrs. McFaul's words ring through the PA system and empty space.

MRS. MCFAUL (O.S)
And it is dying that we are born

Suddenly, the Christ becomes animated on the crucifix. We see orbs of light of a bluish hue radiating away the nails on his right hand. We slowly pan out to see a beautiful, spectrally colored animated Christ smiling like the Buddha.

MRS. MCFAUL (O.S)
To Eternal Life.

The animated Christ points to himself as to say he's living proof of the prayer's truth but does so with a light, comedic affect. A dude with shaggy hair, burkenstocks and dilated pupils looks on at the imagery in awe.

MR. FORD'S ROOM

Right after the prayer, the students turn to the American flag. Tommy looks slightly confused by the sequence.

MRS. MCFAUL (O.S)
I pledge allegiance, to the flag,
of the United States of America.

MAIN OFFICE

The pledge of allegiance is muffled but partially audible. The shot slowly moves up to reveal the figure of a knockout senior. Her legs are well-cut, very sexy. Her shirt is just long enough, her curves are just about perfect, her smile is pearly white and her face is breathtakingly beautiful. She is LUCIA "LUCY" BIANCA .

LUCY
SAC elections for freshmen class
president and vice president will
be held next Friday. Any freshmen
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LUCY (cont'd)
interested in running should submit
their names to Mr. Jefferson by
Tuesday of next week.

Mrs. McFaul grabs the microphone, Lucy heads out.

MRS. MCFAUL
Once again, that's Student Affairs
Council president, Lucy Bianca.

A portly, bald African-American in his early thirties walks
to the microphone. He is RODNEY, "HOT ROD" JEFFERSON.

LUCY
Hey Mr. Jefferson.

MR. JEFFERSON
Lucia.

MRS. MCFAUL
And now we have one final
announcement from SAC moderator,
beloved Social studies teacher and
resident JCS nicknamer and chief,
Mr. Rodney "Hot Rod" Jefferson.

MR. FORD'S ROOM

The students are seated quietly.

MR. JEFFERSON (O.S)
Mornin' to our freshly minted
motley crew of predominated
affluent characters maybe not so
aptly named Saints. Freshmen,
spoiler alert there is no pool nor
a fourth floor so don't blow
through your allowances on pool
passes quite yet.

One, very short, pudgy freshman with very slicked back brown
hair holds up his "pool pass" and scoffs. He is TONY "PIP"
COLBERT.

MR. JEFFERSON (O.S)
Seniors, know the motto, cooperate
and graduate. Exploiting nervous
freshmen is frowned upon so please
refrain from acting on natural
instinct and let the kids be kids
for a minute.

MAIN OFFICE

(CONTINUED)

Mr. Jefferson laughs to himself.

MR. JEFFERSON

To the epi-central point, the Student Affairs Council better known as the SAC will be hosting it's annual back to school dance this Friday in the cafeteria. Tickets will be on sale all week in the bookstore at five bucks a pop with all proceeds going to the SAC fund.

MR. ENGLISH'S ROOM

Students turn to each other and chat MOS. A stripper hot girl with big boobs, nice curves but a mediocre face flashes a satisfied smile. She is STACEY DUNN.

MR. JEFFERSON (O.S)

Do not procrastinate to buy your ticket, Back to School Dance tickets traditionally go faster than Tickle Me Elmo dolls at midnight on Blac Friday and space is limited. That's all for now folks, welcome back, welcome back.

MAIN OFFICE

Mr. Jefferson makes one more very dramatic greeting, before passing the mic back to Mrs. McFaul.

MR. JEFFERSON

Welcome *BACK*.

1ST FLOOR HALLWAY

The bell rings, students nervously enter the halls, scatter. Tommy crutches to the elevator. Stacey who walks alongside her homeroom mates, Ryleigh and Lexy, takes an extended look as she passes Tommy.

STACEY

That boy is sooo cute.

RYLEIGH

Yeah, we went to elementary school with him.

LEXY

He was really, really smart.

(CONTINUED)

RYLEIGH
Owned the awards assemblies.

Tommy puts his key into the elevator.

STACEY
What's his name?

RYLEIGH, LEXY
Tommy Cicero.

Stacey checks out Tommy's most memorable feature, his disproportionately large, curvy butt as he crutches inside the elevator.

STACEY
He's got a sweet ass.

Stacey looks over at the De Boer twins and they all giggle. The elevator closes and the "UP" light flashes.

END ACT I.

BEGIN ACT II.

INT. JCS - DAY

MRS. MONDEMORE'S CLASSROOM

Tommy crutches into a full classroom while the veteran eccentric teacher speaks.

MRS. MONDEMORE
Mmm kay. It's estimated that a student retains 10%, 10% of the information they learn in school. The amount of information available to world has doubled every year since the advent of the internet. Mmm kay. That's what we call exponential growth. My goal is to sift through the colossal canon of available science to give you vital information that you can carry on with you up the ladders and onward to your adult lives. Mmm kay.

A little later. Students sit with their syllaby.

MONDEMORE
Please make sure that you READ your syllabus mmm kay. Now, as a barometer of your prior knowledge
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MONDEMORE (cont'd)
I'll open up with a few good questions. Does any one know how we determine the start of Spring in the Northern Hemisphere?

Students whisper amongst themselves with uncertainty, Tommy raises his hand.

MONDEMORE
Yes, young man.

TOMMY
Um, when Puxatawny Phil sees his shadow?

MONDEMORE
I'm sorry, what?

TOMMY
I always thought that if Puxatawny Phil sees his shadow on February 2nd we're in for a long winter and if not, expect an earlier Spring.

Some students LOL, Mrs. Mondemore does not.

MONDEMORE
My God, who is this Puxatawny Phil?

TOMMY
Um, he's this gopher.

MONDEMORE
The onset of Spring is determined by a ***gopher***!?!?

TOMMY
I mean, he might technically be a groundhog but he's usually right.

MONDEMORE
Does anyone know how *scientists* determine the start of Spring?

A very dark, mysterious yet pale and knowledgeable classmate raises his hand meekly. He is JASON BILLINGHAST.

BILLINGHAST
The Vernal Equinox.

(CONTINUED)

MONDEMORE

Correct.

Mrs. Mondemore gives Tommy a hard, maternal stare.

CAFETERIA

Kroos starts to establish a "cool" table with Hullman and a devastatingly handsome friend, said to resemble Ken from the Mattel "Barbie" collection. He is DREW VANDEVELT.

KROOS

We'll all sit here, then we'll
recruit like the hottest girls in
our class and some other cool
people.

Tommy crutches near the table. He and Kroos exchange lucid eye contact. Tommy gets increasingly closer, Kroos looks increasingly worried. Tommy senses Kroos's apprehension and chooses a small table nearby. Kroos looks relieved and spots an absolutely stunning blond--perfect face, healthy body, pearly white smile walking with the De Boer twins. She is KELSEY WYNN.

KROOS

Kelsey. Yo Kels, over here. Bring
your, hot friends.

COOL TABLE

Bel Air's version of JFK, BRIAN CRAIG, smooth, charismatic, nice looking, well-connected approaches the table. Kroos puts his hand on the only empty seat.

KROOS

BC. Right here, dude.

LEXY

Hey Brian.

BRIAN

Sup Lexy? Ryleigh. Kendal. Sam.
Megan. Gabby. Feels weird not
seeing you guys in bathing suits
and big sunglasses.

LEXY

I guess a Flynn O'Hara outfit will
have to do. For now.

Everyone laughs, Kroos's is exaggerated, loud. Sam lips
"slut" under her breath.

(CONTINUED)

KROOS
You know Drew and Hullman, right?

BRIAN
Of course. Bel Air Lax represent.

KROOS
This is Dave.

BRIAN
Dave Oakley?

DAVE
Yeah.

BRIAN
I've heard of you, man.

DAVE
Same.

KROOS
Hey Kels.

KELSEY
Hey Ry.

KROOS
Hey, I mean I could go to the Back to School dance with like any girl I want but you know like any sluts from Bel Air that'll put out if I took them to Buontempo's before the dance or something?

RYLEIGH
Lexy might.

LEXY
Only if you bring lube.

KROOS
(excited)
Seriously?

LEXY
Down boy, we just met.

RYLEIGH
And you're not a Puerto Rican drug dealer named Rudolfo.

(CONTINUED)

KROOS
I actually heard about that.

LEXY
I started early. Spare me the
f*ckin sermon.

Laughter ensues. Tommy sits with all dudes and peaks over.

FOYER

Kroos and Dave walk to their next class. To their back is the "Father Ripe Scholars" list on the side of the cafeteria. The name *T.Cicero* joins nine others on the board.

KROOS
That'll be the cool table for the
next four years.

DAVE
(sarcastically)
Cool.

KROOS
Seriously dude. We're running this
school.

DAVE
Who you takin' to the Back to
School dance, Zach?

KROOS
Zach?

DAVE
Zach Morris.

KROOS
Oh like Saved by the Bell, The
College Years. I dunno, probably
some hot ass junior.

INT. SENORITA ANGELINI'S ROOM - DAY

The bell rings. A young (22), curvy, knockout teacher begins to address her class.

SENORITA A
Hi class. My name is Senorita
Angelini but you guys can call me
Senorita A. It's my first year as a
teacher. (SPANISH)

(CONTINUED)

An tall, athletic and clownish scholar chimes in. He is KYLE SHEPPARD.

SHEPPARD
(quietly)
And her tenth as a hottie. Am I right?

SENORITA A
I just graduated from Rutgers and am very excited to begin at John Connell with you guys. (SPANISH)

Stacey Dunn sits disinterested, Tommy crutches into the room. Instantly she's brightened.

SENORITA A
Hello. (SPANISH)

TOMMY
Hello teacher. Sorry I'm late. (SPANISH)

SENORITA A
It's fine. Take a seat. (SPANISH)

Tommy sits down and notices Stacey smiling at him.

SENORITA A
I know this is review for most of you but the alphabet is the foundation of any language so let's see how sharp we are on our Spanish ABCs.

The class begins to recite the Spanish alphabet under Senorita's lead. Many have trouble and there is a lack of sync but plenty of cacophony.

SENORITA A
It seems most of us are rusty on our Spanish alphabets. Not a good start you guys.

Tommy raises his hand.

SENORITA A
Yes.

TOMMY
Tomaso. I know a really good way to remember the Spanish ABCs.

SENORITA A
You do. Can we hear it?

TOMMY
Well it's actually a song and I'm
not a good singer but ok. I'll take
the lead but I need everyone repeat
after me. Comprende?

CLASS
Si.

Tommy begins the Spanish alphabet with a warm smile and
precision.

TOMMY
Ah, bay, say, che, day, eh, effay.

The class repeats with curiosity and positive affects. Tommy
gets extra animated at the end of the song.

TOMMY
(dramatic)
Egreeaygaaa!!

CLASS
Egreeaygaa!!

TOMMY
Zay Ta!!

CLASS
Zay Ta!!

TOMMY
I know my alphabet. O lay!
(SPANISH)

Tommy catches Stacey gazing over at him with a big smile
during the class repeat. Stacey closes with an ass shake on
the 'O Lay' while looking into Tommy's eyes.

SENORITA A
Very, very good. (SPANISH)

EXT. JCS - DAY

CANOPY

The dismissal bell rings. Students begin pouring out.

Stacey exits the girls locker room on the side of the

(CONTINUED)

building. From afar, she spots Tommy crutching forward, holding a bag of soccer balls. She grabs Sam.

STACEY
Hold up. BRB.

OVAL

Tommy crutches through a large oval shaped patch of grass, flanked by a narrow road that leads to and from the school's entrance. This is THE OVAL. Maria, Holly and a few of their friends walk by Tommy.

MARIA
Hey Tommy.

TOMMY
Maria! I forgot we go to the same school now.

MARIA
I know. It's gonna be really fun.

TOMMY
How's the soccer managing going?

Holly starts walking fast and signals Maria over.

MARIA
It's cool. Your dad's like really funny.

TOMMY
Yeah but mostly unintentionally.

Maria's friends continue to depart and call her over.

MARIA
Yeah well, ttyl. I'm sure I'll see you around, lol.

Tommy overhears Maria speaking to her friends.

MARIA
I love Tommy.

HOLLY
Yeah Kaitlin Sealy and Samantha Cuccella said he was like funny but really weird in middle school.

Stacey jogs behind Tommy at first and when she's close, starts walking fast.

(CONTINUED)

STACEY

Hey.

TOMMY

Hey. You're in my Spanish class right?

STACEY

Yes. Your alphabet song was hilarious.

TOMMY

Best way to remember the Spanish ABC's.

STACEY

Definitely. Need some help with your balls.

Tommy looks confused and a short but awkward pause ensues before Tommy remembers he's holding a bag of soccer balls.

TOMMY

Oh yeah, I could.

Tommy & Stacey kick the soccer ball closely back and forth in between a little chat MOS. Stacey carries two of Tommy's balls. They head to the soccer fields.

STACEY

So like, are you thinking about going to the Back to School dance?

TOMMY

Yeah I'll probably go. Don't wanna miss the first dance of high school.

STACEY

So like, are you bringing your girlfriend or anything?

TOMMY

Don't have a girlfriend.

STACEY

Oh.

SOCCER FIELDS

Stacey and Tommy arrive at soccer practice. Many of their teammates are already kicking the ball around. A lean, veteran coach/English teacher in high shorts and a goofy hat calls out to Stacey. He is MR. SAABY.

(CONTINUED)

STACEY
Mrs. Dunn, make haste now.

TOMMY
Well, I guess I'll see you in Spanish.

STACEY
Hold up.

Stacey reaches into her sports bra and pulls out a sticky note with her name, number and a heart on it.

STACEY
Call me.

Tommy holds the note up to his eyes.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - DAY

JV boys, mostly sophomores scrimmage the freshmen team. On the benches, Tommy approaches a sophomore with a hard cast on his right arm. He's short but muscular with long red lacrosse hair and freckles. He is ADAM DUBLIN.

DUBLIN
Sup Tom? Gotta lot of talent in your class.

TOMMY
Yeah, we definitely have a great shot at winning the A conference.

DUBLIN
Oh no. The girls, lotta talent.

TOMMY
Oh yeah. You know that girl on JV Stacey Dunn?

DUBLIN
Oh yeah, great rack.

TOMMY
I got her digits.

DUBLIN
Buuuulll shit.

Tommy passes the sticky note to Dublin. On the field, a tall, muscular ginger breaks up an attack by booting the ball long and out of bounds. He is CHRIS BRUTUS.

(CONTINUED)

DAVE, DREW
Little help!

Tommy looks over to see a speeding ball. He settles it, takes a few juggles then tries to kick it back but face plants.

KROOS
What a loser.

INT. CICERO HOUSE - DUSK

TOMMY'S ROOM

A big algebra book rests on Tommy's desk. He circles his answer, looks in the back of the book and its a little off. He look pensive, frustrated and pulls out what he thinks is Stacey's number. He's very shocked, angry to see a detention slip for Adam Dublin.

TOMMY
Farcus!

PARENT'S BEDROOM

Tommy has a phone book open to the last name Dunn. He takes a slow pause and nervously begins cold calling Dunn residences in the Baltimore Metro area.

INT. MARIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A red shoe phone rings. Maria answers.

MARIA
Hello.

KROOS
Hey. So what's up?

MARIA
Um, nothing. Who's this?

KROOS
Seriously? I've known you since the second grade, you still can't tell my voice.

MARIA
Oh hey Kroos. What's up?

(CONTINUED)

KROOS

Ugh, do you know why Kelsey Wynn
won't go to the Back to School
Dance with me?

MARIA

I barely even know that girl. I
don't know, you guys are neighbors.
She probably doesn't want things to
get weird.

KROOS

I mean, I'm good looking, right?
Like all the girls wanna hook up
with me and stuff, right?

MARIA

Um, I guess.

KROOS

Well then why did Kelsey say she
just wants to be friends?

MARIA

Um, honestly Kroos. It's probably
because she's not attracted to you,
sexually.

Deaf silence.

MARIA

Hello. Kroos?

Beep-beeping noises follow.

MARIA

Whatever.

Mara gets an IM from "BMOREPLAYA24". "BMOREPLAYA24: Hey baby
gurl." Maria smiles and answers with, "Hey Big Boy :)"

INT. JCS - MR. FORD'S ROOM - MORNING

Students sit quietly for morning announcements.

MR. TERRY (O.S)

Remember, if you're in a car where
you know there's alcohol, even if
you're not drinking, you will be
held to the same disciplinary
consequences as if you had been
consuming the alcohol.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. MCFAUL (O.S)
That concludes our morning
announcements. Remember to play it
safe tonight and thank God it's
finally Friday!

The bell rings, students disperse. Sam follows Tommy.

SAM
Hey Tom.

TOMMY
Hey Sam.

SAM
Hey, um. Do you like Stacey Dunn?

TOMMY
Um yeah. She's cool.

SAM
Ok well. She doesn't think you like
her back.

TOMMY
I mean, I don't know if I like-like
her yet but yeah, she's cool.

SAM
Well then why don't you ever call
her?

TOMMY
Don't have her number.

SAM
Really Tom? You can't admit you're
afraid to call her.

TOMMY
I was gonna call her Tuesday, till
I realized that Adam Dublin jacked
her number from me.

SAM
Seriously?

TOMMY
As a Catholic nun.

SAM
Yeah well right now, she doesn't
think you like her and definitely
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAM (cont'd)
won't be taking her to the back to
school dance.

TOMMY
Oh yeah. Well tell her to see me at
(ENGLISH) lunch. (SPANISH)

SAM
What's that supposed to mean?

TOMMY
You'll find out.

END ACT II.

BEGIN ACT III.

INT. JCS - BOOKSTORE - DAY

A milfy, blond, petite woman in her late thirties stands
with a friendly disposition at the counter. She is MRS.
KRIS.

KROOS
I'll take two Hershey bars, one
white, one almond. A blue Gatorade,
a box of runts and one of those
visors.

MRS. KRIS
This one?

Mrs. Kris holds up a tie-dyed JCS visor.

KROOS
(thinking)
Yeah.

Mrs. Kris rings everything up.

MRS. KROOS
18.50. 18.50

Kroos looks dumbfounded.

KROOS
You can't just charge it to the
school?

MRS. KRIS
No son, you have to pay.

(CONTINUED)

KROOS
Only got twenties, don't wanna
break em.

Mrs. Kris reluctantly pulls a twenty out of her wallet, puts it in the register and puts the change in the poor box to the chagrin of Kroos.

MRS. KRIS
How bout a Back to School Dance
ticket?

KROOS
Mom, I already told you. I'm not
going.

MRS. KRIS
Stop being a baby, Ry-Ry. I'll find
you a date.

KROOS
Ugh, just make sure she's above a
9.3.

Kroos exits, barely acknowledges Tommy as he approaches the counter with Stacey.

MRS. KRIS
Hi kids.

TOMMY
Hi. Two for the Back to School
Dance.

MRS. KRIS
Okay. It's ten dollars.

Stacey tries to pull out money. Tommy stops her, pulls out a ten dollar bill, and hands it over. Stacey smiles warmly and thanks Tommy as he hands her a ticket. Mrs.Kris makes an "aww" face.

STACEY
Sweet. See you tonight.

INT. CICERO HOUSE - NIGHT

COMPUTER ROOM

Tommy (Tomkick2) is Instant Messaging (IMing) with Stacey (DedSxyChk).

COMPUTER SCREEN

(CONTINUED)

DedSxyChk: Next time don't trust that ginger with my number lol.

Tomkick2: Moral of the story, lol.

DedSxyChk: Lol. Really excited for tonight :)

Tomkick2: Me too! :)

DedSxyChk: Wear something cute ;)

Tommy takes a brief pause in contemplation.

Tomkick2: Can't wear your smile ;)

Tommy waits for Stacey's response to exhale.

DedSxyChk: :) & a Heart Symbol

KITCHEN

Dinner is prepared. Four plates are set but Tommy's mother is absent. His younger brother TONY (12), athletic, dyed blond hair, also handsome and Mediterranean featured but a much more wild ADHD child, tries to eat his chicken Marsala.

MR. CICERO
Wait for your mother.

TONY
I just want *one* mushroom!

MR. CICERO
You can wait two minutes, Anthony.

Carlo Cicero turns to his son for a paternalistic speech.

MR. CICERO
Big night tonight, Thomas. Be careful, have fun and remember, the loudest guy in the locker room is full of sh*t.

TOMMY
Huh?

MR. CICERO
You know, the guy in the locker room, bragging about all the girls he gets. Usually he's talking the talk because he's not walking the walk.

Tony sneaks a mushroom. Moves for another.

(CONTINUED)

TOMMY

Oh. Okay.

MR.CICERO

That's enough Ant-Man.

Mrs. Cicero enters with a bag from American Eagle.

MRS.CICERO

Smells good, chicken marsala!

MR. CICERO

Hey honey.

MRS. CICERO

Hey inky.

Tommy's parents share a kiss on the lips.

TOMMY, TONY

Hey mom.

MRS.CICERO

Stopped by American Eagle, boyees.

INT. JCS - CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Students are gathered around. Some dancing, some chatting, and a few standing isolated in the corner, all subject to "Too Close" by Next. Tommy spots Stacey dancing with a group of girlfriends.

STACEY

Toommm!!

TOMMY

(awkwardly)

Stacey.

Stacey leaves her girlfriends and gives Tom a big hug. She goes back to her girls and waves Tommy in. He slowly crutches over but looks very timid and reserved to jump in the middle and start dancing. Almost too close to them, a very large, tough looking brute with a flattop grinds hard on his date, glances at Tommy with disbelief and flashes a "wtf" arm flail. He is RYAN TANTO.

One freshen gets a boner, then gets slapped in the face. He shakes his head, squints his face, flails his arms up in disbelief. He is RYAN GARFIELD.

A pale, rugged, fugly but affluent boy grinds hard on his date right by Tanto who nods in approval. He is GABE LITZ.

(CONTINUED)

DJ HOT ICE, sideways visor, gelled hair, 28, ridiculous, follows up with "Sandstorm" by Darude. Stacey tries to dance with Tommy but he's on crutches and very unenthusiastic, stale, nervous.

EXT. JCS - CANOPY - NIGHT

A large white van slowly pulls up the entrance. The SMS crew enters all with hot dates on their arms. Mrs. Kroos lips "Bye Ry-Ry, have fun you guys" MOS. Kroos turns back, annoyed and gives a lackluster wave. The crew slowly approaches the entrance.

MR. JEFFERSON

Now the party's started. Hold on,
let me go ahead and get your VIP
passes.

KROOS

Sweet.

MR. JEFFERSON

Sike. Have fun children.

INT. JCS - CAFETERIA - NIGHT

The elite SMS crew and their dates enter as "Sandstorm" starts to reach its first crescendo. Kroos introduces his date. She's preppy and in the wet dreams of all the middle school boys. She is MACKENZIE GALLANT.

KROOS

Sup Silvio, this is my date
McKensie.

SILVIO is short, hairy, muscular and Hispanic.

SILVIO

McKensie?

MCKENSIE

Yeah.

SILVIO

Anthony.

MCKENSIE

Good to meet you.

SILVIO

(laughing)

Same. Where do you go to middle
school?

(CONTINUED)

MCKENSIE
Oh, I go to Saint

Kroos pulls McKensie away and to the dance floor.

KROOS
Don't talk to him. Kid's a nobody.

EXT. JCS - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Tommy crutches out of the cafeteria and into the courtyard where some students get some fresh air, enjoy refreshments, and gossip, including a group of freshmen boys led by Tanto.

TANTO
Oh he's being such a prude, dude.
He won't do nothin with that girl!
He won't even *look* at them big ass
titties.

Tanto holds his hands up by his breasts, Tommy glances right at him, meek, embarrassed. Tanto notices.

TANTO
Yeah, yeah *Litz* is being such a
prude. *Litz* needs to grow a pair,
for real.

INT. JCS - CAFETERIA

Huge sweat fest and oasis of dry humping by the DJ booth. Sam is getting especially down with a short, muscular kid with a crew cut and big blue eyes. He is JT ENGLISH.

Stacey is still dancing with her girlfriends.

STACEY
He's not attracted to girls, or at
least me. That's all I can think
of.

Stacey's half-Thai, exotically alluring friend consoles her. She is NADIA WEICHECH.

NADIA
He might just be one of those shy
quiet types you have to de-shell.

STACEY
Ugh, so much work.

(CONTINUED)

DJ HOT ICE
Deejay, Hot Ice. Oh yeeeaah. We're gonna slow it down for a minute now. Let everybody cool off, catch their breath.

Tommy crutches into the cafeteria.

DJ HOT ICE
So boys grab yo dates and enjoy the ride because weez about ta become men.

DJ Hot Ice plays "Water Runs Dry" by Boyz II Men. Stacey looks around the cafeteria and spots Tommy looking right at her, smiling, heading right at her. Instantly she's brightened. He puts his crutches down alongside the wall, hops over to Stacey and they start slow dancing with a Platonic distance. Tommy wears a big smile.

STACEY
What?

TOMMY
Nada mucho.

STACEY
Why you smiling so big?

TOMMY
Cuz I'm dancin with the prettiest gal in the room.

Stacey draws closer. Tommy looks down at her big chest and draws real close.

LATER

The dance is winding down. Everybody is really sweaty especially the senior girls.

DJ HOT ICE
Deejay, Hot Ice. Alright party peeeople, it's about that time, polish off those Pepsis, thank those faculty chaperons and let Ice send y'all home to mommy, daddy and or legally recognized guardian with a oldie but goodie ringing in ya ear. Say whaatt!?!?

"Cotton Eyed Joe" begins. Most of the cafeteria crowd starts pouring out.

EXT. JCS - CANOPY - NIGHT

Students, most covered in sweat, walk out towards the oval. Kroos spots some freshmen classmates who might know him and begins talking aloud.

KROOS

I dry humped so many hot pieces of
ass tonight. It wasn't even fair.

A short, skanky looking girl points out Kroos to her friend. She is LACEY DILLER.

LACEY

That's Ryan Kroos.

Kroos overhears. Starts walking slowly.

CHRISTINE

He's even hotter than I imagined.

Kroos makes a subtle, but victorious celebration with his arm. His bliss lasts until he spots Hullman on a bench under the canopy pulling some tongue from Kelsey Wynn.

Tommy crutches with Stacey and spots his father's old red pick-up truck circling the oval.

TOMMY

That's my dad.

Tommy waves and his dad beeps and pulls into a convenient spot nearby.

TOMMY

Well, until the next time.
(SPANISH)

Tommy begins walking to the car.

STACEY

Hold up. You forget something?

TOMMY

Oh yeah.

Tommy moves in for an ass out hug.

TOMMY

Good night.

(CONTINUED)

STACEY

Night.

Stacey plants a big kiss on Tommy's cheek. Instantly, he looks her into her brown eyes, turns bright red, then continues toward his father's truck.

INT/EXT. MR. CICERO'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Carlo cruises down the oval. Tony, in the cab of the truck, is very quiet with a sheepish grin, looking very pale and otherworldly.

CARLO CICERO

How was the dance?

TOMMY

It was fun.

Carlo hangs a right and cruises alongside the edge of the campus.

CARLO CICERO

You make out alright?

TOMMY

Yeah I had a good time.

CARLO CICERO

Slow dance with any girls?

Tommy nods his head. They approach a red light. There's a mix of very expensive and humble means kind of cars.

TOMMY

Uh-huh.

CARLO CICERO

Al-riiight!

Carlo puts his fist up for a pound. Tommy obliges.

TONY

Was he hot?

TOMMY

She's hot, yeah.

TONY

Well who is she?

(CONTINUED)

TOMMY
She's um, uh. She's uh.

Tommy takes a pregnant pause, looks over at his brother and father, then answers as the traffic light turns green.

TOMMY
My girlfriend.

Tommy makes a big albeit somewhat creepy smile as the cars disperse. Fancy cars go right, modest go left. Tony looks skeptical but Carlo gives a proud nod as he turns left onto Churchville Road.

FADE OUT.